

# Loaded Gun

Tyler Hilton

Yeah  
You ready?  
I'm ready  
One, two, three, four  
Wheels running fast down the one-eighteen  
Every kiss is sweeter with some nicotine  
The little white lightning underneath my seat, oh yeah  
The sun's going down like a sinking stone  
A dog's barking in the distance imma throw him a bone  
You got that look on your face, like something's gunna go wrong, oh yeah yeah  
The way you looking so good in the cotton dress,  
There's just no telling what I'll do next  
But one thing's for sure and it'll sure be fun  
Stay away from my trigger, imma loaded gun  
Stay away from my trigger, imma loaded gun  
Imma moving target, baby  
No one's gotten through me yet (huh)  
But it's, a, worth a shot, It'll be something that you won't forget  
I got 'em lined up and crying from Georgia to Tex  
But to learn to swim, you gotta wanna get wet  
There's no turning back cuz I'm ready to run  
  
Stay away from my trigger, imma loaded gun  
Stay away from my trigger, imma loaded gun (ha)  
Watch out now  
Oh, yeah  
Alright, break it down  
Yeah, just keep it down  
Alright  
Load me  
Squeeze me  
Cock me  
Shoot me  
Yeah, load me  
Squeeze me  
Cock me  
Ahhh, shoot me, shoot me sugar  
Imma moving target, baby  
No one's gotten through me yet

But it's worth a shot, it'll be something that you won't forget

I'm gunna be your next tattoo

After all the things imma do to you

I don't have to run the bases cuz I hit home runs

Stay away from my trigger, imma loaded gun

Stay away from my trigger, imma loaded gun

Give it comes down five, four, three, two, one

Stay away from my trigger, imma loaded gun

Lyrics provided by

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